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Contents



SONNET	Charlotte Russ
THE GOBLINS GOT US	Eloise Banning
SYMPATHY	Eloise Banning
FOR SUSAN	
MONT	Kay Alexander
SWEET PEAS	Kay Alexander
MY GRANDFATHER TOLD	Rosalind Trent
SEA CHANGE	Mary Ann Sutherland
WILL O' THE WISP	Millie Ogden
TONGUES OF IRON	A. L. Singletary
DESOLATION	Roberta Johnson
THE WIND'S LANTERN	Margaret Ashburn
EDITORIALS	
PEN FEATHERS	Frances Gaut, Editor
	Carol Lindsay, Edith Harbour, Rosalind Trent
BOOK REVIEWS	Annie Lee Singletary
	Mattie Moore Taylor, Frances Gaut

Sonnet

You taught me that in music's passionate song
 There is some deep-born breath of living fire.
You taught me joys that make my days less long,
 Gave me new loves that make my heart leap higher.
I, who loved Beauty hungrily before,
 Had dulled that swift, keen sensibility.
I learn delight of loveliness once more.
 That love of Beauty has returned to me.
Once more the sunlight glancing on the leaves
 And fireflies, glimmering, give me instant pain.
My heart bows down in tears when it receives
 The infinite and subtle touch of rain.

Your song is gone; you took the better part,
But left its echo ringing in my heart.

CHARLOTTE RUSS.

The Goblins Got Us

"Nothing is so firmly believed as what we least know."

—*Michel de Montaigne.*

JUST how far have we advanced in civilization? We are constantly stumping our toes upon statements concerning our great progress today, upon articles written offhand, lacking substance, and abounding in superficialities, upon books based only on personal opinion and prejudices and optimism about our present, modern state. How gloriously far have we advanced? The offhand answer to that question is fairly easy; we are called upon to thumb the list of inventions and discoveries aiding in efficiency and bettering all round conditions for our bodily state. It is only those of us who dare to crack the hardened shell of age-long traditions and beliefs and prejudices which surround our life who find that progress in thinking to equal progress in materials and mechanicals is almost *nil*; we fly from one thing to another without stopping to think. Virtually, at worst, reasoning and deep thinking are stagnant—at best are chasing their tails in circles. It is said that exaggeration is the best way to impress facts upon our non-absorbent minds; this I have done in the latter statement—not in a mood of pessimism as could be easily supposed, but in the face of marks stamped on gullible mankind.

All mankind dreams and imagines. Why? That is one of the mysteries we wonder about and then we wonder why we wonder—and chase the tails of *our* thoughts in circles. Perhaps it is an inward desire to explain things satisfactorily to ourselves when we dislike logical explanations; perhaps it is because of our restless and hurried natures that we cannot patiently await a reasonable and scientific answer to phenomena. At any rate our dreams have run away with us, because at times they have by sheer accident been coincident with external events. It is not that we disbelieve in law; it is that we do not wait on law. It is no more or less than a hurried explanation for a slight understanding. "The hunger for facile wisdom is the root of all false philosophy,"¹ and in the hurry the hugest mistake is the taking of surface information without probing the depths, the catching of ripples and waves rather than diving to the bottom where

every passing wind does not mix the sands and sea. After all the sands will eventually sink to the bottom and remain forever separate. Thus it is and always will be: superstitions cannot be dissolved in truth; the former is pseudo-theory, the latter is first, last, and always substantiated facts.

Society is at fault; it has intertwined the roots of reason and superstition and cultivated the two together, disregarding the fact that superstition is a weed sapping the strength of reason. Society is exercising powers of explanation that were never educated for exercise; therefore the results are distorted and maimed; therefore mankind thinks warped thoughts oblivious to correction. In this case ignorance is not bliss; it is discomfort and even terror. Ashamed of itself? Yes, in a way, ashamed even though fellowmen are likewise afflicted. Because these superstitions are so ingrained in our beings, because they have been branded on us in childhood by our races' traditions, customs, and prejudices, we hold them close to us and are hostile to correction. It is at the time when science becomes temporarily inarticulate that superstition steps in.

And one of the greatest agents of superstition, becoming articulate when science has not yet found words to express itself, is religion. And a religion in the foremost rank is present-day Christianity, for it absorbed into itself certain customs and religious beliefs existent when it had its origin. However else could there have developed certain pagan-like ceremonies, rites, ordinances, and functions? "The customs, ceremonies, institutions, sentiments, beliefs and superstitions that from one point of view seem to be so wholly unrelated to anything practical, all have their histories, and were instituted in the first place because they were regarded not merely as useful, but as absolutely necessary in the serious economy of everyday life."² Christ's plan seemed a surprisingly simple one and yet it is hard to enumerate the sects that disagree over that plan. There is in most theology a sort of fear of naturalistic knowledge; probably that is a hangover from the medieval church which forbade all study of the natural phenomena because it was believed to be the realm of Satan. Are miracles worth anything at all unless they can be substantiated by fact? There are no end of "heresy hunters" who forever keep their noses to the ground to find those who dare to question a word of "reli-

gious license"; these are the ones who dismiss scientific thinkers as dangerous professors and legislators who say that scientific doctrines may be taught. What is there in mankind that hates mystery-dispelling knowledge? What was there in mankind that made Roger Bacon, Galileo, and Brun suffer for daring to move an inch from the orthodox? After all is orthodox believing the unbelievable or believing reasonable beliefs? Why not experiment? If these things are true, then they will stand despite investigation. Eve was the first experimentress and she found that she did not die straight off as she was told she would if she ate of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. The trouble is that she did not eat enough of the fruit else we might be more clear in our minds and less muddled. There is a need for "a scientific holiday," as Professor A. W. Meyer calls it, so that theologians may catch their breath and give science time to think.

We do not dispute that life today is the Supreme Mystery as life has always been. And there is something in mystery that our souls thrive upon; therefore we fight anything that dares to take our interest away. One would have thought that when liberal education was offered that it would dispel the gloom of the unknown; but there were two kinds of liberal education, the old and the new. The old liberal education was to serve mankind nobly; it did not reach the masses, was not supposed to, even though they needed it even more than others; it was an education of a class, an education not giving the fundamentals of living. When the new liberal education came in with biology and psychology, things became in a sense chaotic; people believed that Satan (poor fellow, so much is blamed on him!) was causing this conflict in their minds. But biology, psychology, and sociology have stayed in long enough to convince us that our scale of values is distorted and unbalanced and to give us the outline of a truly liberal education. After all, knowledge is heritage; all living knowledge is a part of heritage and the child is moulded by society in the same shape of the old heritage.

The college graduate should have correct knowledge and a command of it, but in our own college the average number of superstitions each girl in a class of seventy-five who were recording superstitions that they knew was almost one hundred, 66 2-3 percent of which were believed and practiced at one time or now. It is true that the

policy of being radical is bad if carried to the extreme; but it is just as bad to be bound by conservatism, and superstition begets conservatism. Publius Syrus says, "It is only the ignorant who despise education," and we see from observation that those bound by superstition are the ones less likely to desire knowledge. Are there many among us who will fail to pick up the straight pin if it is pointing luck? How about the black cat and the involuntary hesitancy about that thirteenth chair? For the superstitious seeking for luck is life. "Every superstition is a little science inspired by the desire to understand, to foresee, or to control the real world."³ It was interesting to hear a minister say recently that our ideal should be to follow the truth, unfettered truth, and that only this truth would lead us out beyond the error of superstition in our lives. It is the duty of those who can see through this doctrine and who can stand on their feet honest and unafraid who must enlist in this fight to oust prevailing untruth, to work out correct and effective fighting, to safeguard the children who are innocently unaware of the brand stamped upon them almost before birth, and above all to purge themselves of senseless fears.

There has been one dynamo beneath this civilization of ours which has been the basis of our progress, working sometimes unawares to us, and that is natural science; on that one fact we need not fear nor cease to hope that someday the goblins may vanish into the thin air whence they came.

ELOISE BANNING.

¹Santyana: *Life of Reason*, p. 24.

²Waterman: *Story of Superstition*, p. 7.

³Santyana: *The Life of Reason*, p. 22.

Sympathy

When day meets dusk in twilight mist,
The stars are born,
And fill the gaps of sunset sky
Where clouds are torn.

When soul meets soul in common bond
Of lovely things,
Then something loosens fettered hearts
And sorrow sings.

ELOISE BANNING.

For Susan

"Now you can do just as you like,"
Said Grandma to my mother.
"Montague is very nice,
But Tad's the man I'd marry.

"His hands are rough. He works. I know.
His cattle are the fattest.
And I never saw the like of hay—
Ten stacks to one small meadow.

"Now, Montague—he's just too good,
So overly polite;
There's something rotten up the branch.
But don't you act on my advice."

KAY ALEXANDER.



"Mont"

When Mont and I go walking
On Sunday afternoons,
We walk along the edge of the wheat
And he plays me pretty tunes
On the slender flutes he makes
From the green stems of the wheat.

With Tad it's very different,
And why I do not know;
But he just walks along content
To talk and to blow
A blade of grass, any kind of grass
That grows along the road.

KAY ALEXANDER.

Sweet Peas

By KAY ALEXANDER

I SOWED them early in March just after the spring thaw. I sowed rows of them, over half my garden in them. I sowed one dollar and fifty cents worth at fifteen cents per package.

I had always loved these flowers, so tender and fresh and fragrant, especially when the dew is on them. But I think it was Keats who made me dig up half my garden for the sowing of them alone. It was Keats who said, "Here are sweet peas on tiptoe for a flight." Yes, I am sure now that it was he who made me sow all those rows of sweet peas. For every seed I planted I think I said that verse, "Here are sweet peas. . . ." And at the end of the row, when I would stand up to rest my back and to get a good breath, I would add to the rest, "With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white."

I sowed them by myself; there was no one else to help. Graham didn't take any interest at all in the things of flowers, and that is a thing I could never understand, for Graham was a great man about the house. He kept the grass mowed to the quick in the summer time. He kept the shrubbery trimmed and was always setting out new kinds of trees. But at shrubbery he drew the line; he would not have a thing to do with flowers. But then the chickens took up a lot of Graham's time. And how he did pride those chickens! Whenever any one came, almost before I had time to show them the flowers, Graham would have them in the barn lot showing them his new chicken house and his fine flock of Rhode Island Reds.

But it wasn't such a job sowing them by myself, because I dug the rows the day before. On the morning following, I carried basket-fuls of waste from the chicken house and sprinkled it over the fresh-dug dirt. Mrs. Allan and I both agree that chicken waste is the very best for sweet peas and, conscientiously, I always save it for the sowing of sweet peas alone.

I sowed so many sweet peas that spring that Graham laughed at me and asked me where I was going to put my sunflowers! Poor Graham! He didn't know who Keats was. I couldn't say to him "Here are sweet peas on tiptoe for a flight." Somehow I couldn't

bring myself to say any of the beautiful lines that I had learned in school and in my reading. I had learned by heart four of Mrs. Browning's sonnets, but I had never, up to that time, breathed even faintly in the dead of the night a syllable of a love poem to Graham. Yet I did love him. And he was not all practicality. Sometimes on Sunday afternoons, when we walked up the railroad, he would notice the sky when it was unusually clear and blue or he would see the river when the sun made it look like glass. And once, joy of joys, he said, "Look, Allie, at the goldenrods on that hill." He said it calmly and monotonously, but I have always been glad that he just said it. That was just what was the matter with Graham. It took a whole mountain of flowers, dripping with gold, to make a dint on him. He never saw the long sprays of goldenrod that lean in a fence corner, nodding to the cream blossoms of the rabbit-tobacco and to the purple wild asters.

Some times I think how different Graham is from the man I always wanted to marry and always thought I *would* marry—a polished gentleman with pretty manners, one who could write pretty stories and poetry like I used to write at the normal school. But deep down in my heart I knew all the time that I would come back to just about what this is, and deeper down I was glad of it. It is so much pleasanter to get rusty than it is to get educated.

It took all the morning to sow the sweet peas, discounting of course the little time that it took me to go in and put on the dinner. But I was just finishing up about noon and was collecting the tools and the buckets when Graham came home. He saw me before he went into the house and came out where I was. I can see him right now, carrying his hat and his overcoat in his hand, for it was a balmy day.

"What is it?" he asked me.

"Sweet peas," I answered.

"Aren't you afraid you haven't sowed enough?" he continued with a smile, just to tease me. "Where are you going to put your zinnias and sunflowers?"

"O, I'll find room. I'll extend my garden a little—maybe."

"No," said Graham, firmly. "I won't have another inch of that sod took up for flowers. It's too big for you now. Every spring you make yourself sick digging out here."

He helped me take the tools in the cellar and then we went into the house and I took up the dinner.

"Graham," I said while we were eating, "we must have the fence to the lower lot fixed before long. I don't want the chickens scratching up the things I sow. It needs fixing anyway."

"All right. Galloway Dalton's comin' up to lay the new walk in a few days. He can fix the fence, too."

Graham ate on in silence and I was silently happy that the fence was going to be fixed and that the new walk really was going to be laid. I should say more about the walk. But already it seemed like a concrete thing, as much a part of the place as the fire-place or the chicken house. We had talked about little else for the better part of the winter.

The sweet peas had come up beautifully in fresh green rows, up just far enough for me to begin thinking about staking them, when Galloway and Will came to fix the fence and to lay the walk. Of course the walk had to be laid first. Graham left his work early to see that Galloway did the work like he said he would, so that water would not stand on it and some other things that have to be seen to about a good walk. I, too, left the kitchen to stand upon the porch to watch them mix the cement, pour it, and smoothe it out.

I liked to watch Galloway work. He always moved about so deliberately and steadily. Galloway often worked about the house. If there was any work that Graham did not do, Galloway usually did it. He was middle-aged, big of frame and stooping, but for all that the tallest negro I ever saw. One of his legs had outgrown the other and had left him with a peculiar limp. I had noticed it many times as he worked about the house and had thought what a pity he was not able to buy special shoes. He was a negro unadulterated, black as a crow and in features greatly resembling an owl. His nose was markedly flat and his eyes were very wide. He smoked cigarettes continually. Almost every time I looked at him the smoke would be boiling out of his very flat nose.

Will Dowell was Galloway's helper on contract jobs, his first cousin, too, I think, and every bit as black as Galloway.

I watched them from the porch for a long time working and talking in the warm spring sun. Then I decided to take a walk around

the porch and to glance at the flower garden. I could picture in my mind those long rows of tender green sweet peas, so beautiful in the sun. When I reached the east side of the porch, I stopped in my walk. I stopped aghast. It couldn't be true! But it was! There they were—red—Rhode Island Reds—dozens of them! Dozens of old hens and an indefinite number of pullets, wallowing wingdeep, gloriously, in the same dirt where once had grown sweet peas!

"Graham—shoo—Graham!" I screamed. "The chickens—they are ruining my flowers!"

At this Graham came tearing around the house and Galloway came limping after him, and all the time I was shooing from the porch with all my might.

"Throw at them!" I commanded, and Galloway began pelting them with little rocks and sticks. The chickens, the whole flock of them, left in one big cloud of dust. The dust settled and I saw the remains of what had once been a perfect garden of young sweet peas. The neat rows of tender green were gone; the sprouts lay wilted and half covered with dust—a sickening sight to me. And I just stood and looked, getting sicker and sicker, till nothing could make me well but crying, and I cried. Then I thought of a little parody on Keats which cheered me up a bit. I returned after a while to the front porch and watched again the laying of the concrete walk.

I looked with a bit of disgust at Graham working away in the sun, the sweet peas long forgotten.

"I wish they were every one of them dead," I said.

"What did you say, Allie?" Graham looked at me blankly as if sweet peas had never been planted and certainly never been scratched up.

"I said I wish that every chicken we have was dead."

"O, come now, Allie. How about the fried chicken we are going to have in a few days? You don't like chicken though, do you?"

"I had rather never see another piece than to have all my sweet peas ruined. I mean it. I truly had," I responded with feeling.

"How about you, Galloway?" Graham asked, turning to the negro in an attempt to divert me. "Had you rather have sweet peas to smell of or fried chicken to eat?"

Galloway worked on for a moment. "I don't know, suh. Fried chicken's mighty good, but if'n I jis had to take—them sweet pea flowers's the purtiest sight I ever see in the early summah."

I couldn't believe it. Graham, too, looked stunned, almost pale. Had this big crippled negro really rather have a whiff of sweet peas in the summer? Graham was completely hushed. How I loved that negro for those words! They sounded like lines from a play the gods had written—the gods of fate, say—and Galloway hadn't forgotten!

"See, Graham," I said, "even Galloway has some sensibility."

* * * *

The day drew to a beautiful close. The walk had been finished and carefully covered over with moist hemp sacks, the chickens had succeeding in scrapping the sweet peas, and then the fence had been fixed.

After supper, late in the evening, I walked out in the yard and by the flower garden. The whole yard was smoothe. How I adored Graham for his love of sod! At least the chickens could not scratch it up. It was quite light in the open. The moon was nearing the full and I could see plainly the outlines of the trees on the smoothe green sod. I wished Graham were with me, but then Graham always went to bed early. Out by the flower garden I pulled a buttercup with a long stem and smelled of it, but I was thinking how beautiful were sweet peas. I thought again of Keats.

The cement being still soft at the front door, I turned to enter the house by the back way. Just as I was starting up the steps, I heard some muffled squawks. Chickens! Then some loud cackles. I stopped still. At last I turned and looked toward the barn lot. A tall, stooping figure came, back first, out of the chicken house. Then I saw it, still stooping, a sack thrown over its shoulders, limp off behind the barn—a dark figure with a familiar, peculiar limp. I stood rigid with fright. Call Graham! Call Graham! Quick!

No, not Graham. I grew suddenly calm. I even smiled a bit. How Graham would like to come blustering out and shoot a time or two with that harmless old gun of his! Galloway probably hadn't taken over four. Maybe just three. As easily and as quietly as a girl slips out of her teens, I turned and walked into the house.

My Grandfather Told

“ONCE on a time—before the war this was—a planter went to town to sell his crop. While he was in the town he bought for himself a negro slave, and as he was startin’ home, a friend gave him a big monkey, one of these ape things that come from heathen lands. Now when the planter got home, sure ’twas a curse he used with every sentence, and whether ’twas the negro or the ape he cursed most can’t be said. And sure it’s aggravatin’ they both were. The negro—for all he was a strappin’ big boy—the laziness of him was past bearing; and niver a thing could the planter do but the ape would do it right after him.

Every evenin’ the planter sent his slave to bring the cows home from the pasture. On the way home the boy had to pass a bit of buryin’ ground, but such was the laziness of him, not even for fear of ha’nts would he hurry, and ’twas always black night when he got the cows home.

One airish fall day the man said to his slave, “Sam, if you don’t get home ’fore dark tonight, I bet a ha’nt is going to get you.”

“Massa, de ha’nts in dat grave yard all sleeps peaceful.” And Sam started off whistlin’.

When it began to be dark, and not yet was the rascalion of a Sam in sight, the planter ran up to his room, took a sheet from his bed, went to the buryin’ ground, ’n’ wrapped it around himself. Then he hid behind a tombstone ’n’ waited. After a bit he heard the negro comin’ along whistlin’ like a whole brass band. The planter rose up slowly ’n’ took a step toward the negro. Sam stopped whistlin’. He turned almost white.

“Ohooo,” said the planter.

“O, Lawd Jesus, sa’ me,” howled the slave.

“O, ooo, uh,” said the white man again.

“Oooee,” said something behind him.

The planter turned to look over his shoulder ’n’ he almost froze that way, for behind him was a lumpish, white thing aswayin’ back ’n’ forth ’n’ saying “Oee, Oee.”

As he looked the queer thing made a limpin’ step toward him. Then the planter yelled, an’ he jumped the wee bit fence around the

buryin' ground 'n' went a-runnin' down the road 'n' the thing went after him.

Now when he jumped the fence, sure 'n' he dropped the sheet 'n' the slave saw 'twas his master runnin' down the road. Then the white thing dropped a sheet, too, 'n' he saw 'twas the ape. So he dance up 'n' down the road 'n' shout, "Run, big 'fraid; little 'fraid ketchin' yo'! Run, big 'fraid; run, little 'fraid! Run!"

ROSALIND TRENT.



Sea Change

OFF the coast of North Carolina the small islands are numerous enough to go quite unnamed, and the dwellers on these islands are isolated enough to be quite unknown. But there is one small island that has been named and its inhabitants have become known by this story told by old crones on the island:

When America was a young land, a band of Welshmen settled on this little island that has been set apart and named. They brought no women with them, but ever their colony increased, for the women of the mainland were glad to wed with the industrious and thriving Welshmen. Once a woman reached the island, however, she never returned to the mainland, nor was she ever heard of again. The men were stern and taciturn, and no one dared pry into the affairs of the island. Vessels that ran along the coast reported strange cries as they sailed by, and on clear nights a strange light could be seen on the island.

As the years went by this light grew brighter until at times it seemed a fire itself. And it was whispered, yes, that the Welshmen burned their old people in huge cauldrons to give strength to their youth. An old man in the Welsh colony was never seen.

To-day the light is dim and can be seen only by the old skippers that frequent the coast. But the island is known as Youth's Island and the people are called "the people guarded by fire."

MARY ANN SUTHERLAND.

Will o' the Wisp

Swaying—swaying,
Bending—playing,
Wait, I come!

Calling—smiling,
Laughing—wiling,
Wait, I come!

Throbbing—gasping,
Wanting—grasping,
God, 'tis gone!

MILLIE OGDEN.



Tongues of Iron

SILENT, impassive, and alert the sentinels stand—iron beasts that guard the stairs to the old Belo Home and watch daily the ebb and flow of life in old Salem. They have seen the covered wagon and coach give way to automobiles and street cars. They have watched many an Easter morning procession wind down the dark streets to the square and heard the inspiring music of the bands and the old Moravian hymns. They have sat in patience while the children descendants of German settlers played about them. Not a growl did they utter when, in the dark days of the war, they saw a spy hide in the old coffee pot on the next corner, nor would their immobility have been altered if they had rested on their pedestals a few years earlier and witnessed the arrival of the great Washington in his coach as he drove by on his way to the tavern down the road.

Perhaps they, and only they, could tell the story of the little red man who haunted the cellar of the Belo house in the past, or solve the mystery of the silver snuff-boxes, or explain why fate was so cruel to the settler who drew lots for a wife and got the wrong one.

Silent as tombs they remain, however, and secretive as the sphinx. They have seen much and know much, but they have learned the value of silence, too. They have seen the humble beginnings, the

fruition of progress, and, looking at them, one feels that all the secrets of Salem are theirs, that they are a part of its past life and of its present, and look with transcending eyes even into the future. They have seen the union of two towns and witnessed the phenomena of that union in which a bustling Winston looks forward ambitiously to greater things in the future and a quaint Salem browses contentedly over its eventful past.

And the good folk of Salem say that on Judgment Day the dogs will bark, that they will break the enigmatic silence of centuries and proclaim the day. But that, alike, becomes part of the tradition of Salem, a tradition pungent with the smell of love-feast coffee, and Easter flowers, and dust of the past. They will not be surprised if some day the dogs *do* bark with their tongues of iron.

But would that they might speak instead!

A. L. SINGLETARY.



Desolation

Words—I am weary of words.
Song—I am weary of song.
Love—I am weary of love.

A call of year to year comes from afar
And I must go.
There, somewhere, still to lie
And let the moments creep
To hours and to days,
And let the days in order
Bind themselves to years,
And still to sleep.

Sleep? I am weary of sleep.

ROBERTA JOHNSON.



The Wind's Lantern

The moon is the lantern of the Wind
As she looks for her lover at night;
She hunts by the pale and mystic glow
Of its wan and lurid light.

Sometimes she puts the moon 'neath her cloak
To keep her jagged frame warm;
And while she laughs with wicked witch teeth,
Then the clouds flee away in alarm.

MARGARET ASHBURN.

Editorials

WE RETURN from the press convention at Greenville with new vigor, new ideas, and new experiences. We learned much from the editors of the magazines of other colleges throughout the state. We heard their magazine woes and sorrows and re-philosophised about the universal resemblance of all sorrow, all love, and all woe. We found that some of the magazines had gone humorous, pseudo-humorous, and literary-humorous. Like the P.S. on the company's stationery, they were striving to please. We congratulate them in their great effort to please large and varied student bodies. We hope for their success.

As for us, we still believe in essays and short stories, and we are still inclined to esteem verse slightly more than we do jokes and we do not consider ourselves the cloistered nuns by so esteeming. In the Pen Feathers department, we have provided an outlet for any hilarity that may be bursting from the jovial soul of any hesitant contributor. We encourage you to submit any anecdotes, puns, parodies, or light essays that may have provoked a single chuckle.

Literary we certainly still pronounce ourselves and we are encouraged by the response of so large a student body as ours to their literary publication. Though we do not feel that every student waits earnestly for the dear old *Coraddi* to put in her appearance, we sense the general appreciation for those students on our campus who write for the magazine and we are grateful for it.

In the spring of 1931, Harper and Brothers, publishers, will release a *New Anthology of College Verse*, composed of the best poems that are submitted from the major colleges and universities of the United States. The students at this college have been encouraged to submit verse to this compilation. All contributions should be sent before December tenth to the *Coraddi*, which is acting as agent at this college, and they will be sent in bulk by that publication to Harpers. Of course it is understood that, if a poem has appeared in any publication other than college publications, it cannot be submitted. Miss Nettie Sue Tillett, of the English department, is the faculty judge of the verse submitted at this college.

Pen Feathers

I Believe in Ghosts

AS A CHILD, I had inclinations toward electrical engineering, displayed in my extreme enjoyment in digging canals with the coal shovel and making toad frog houses with my bare feet—all in the damp regions under the house. Perhaps due to my extreme youth and limited knowledge of froggy architecture, my structures were frequently (very frequently) unoccupied and I was forced to hunt for tenants. The pleasant occupation of sticking damp frogs in the proper environments—proper from my way of thinking—was ended by my being informed that “hop-toads caused great big ugly warts.” With this in mind I set out to do service to humanity by exterminating the entire frog race until a neighbor boy informed me that our cow would immediately go dry. For the next two weeks, I trembled each time my father set out with the milk pail. But all the resulting effort of this experience—hours of studying wart cures was in vain. I was never forced to toss bean bags in the road or feed corn to the roosters, for the warts did not appear, at least not for ten years.

The next time I encountered superstition I stumped my toe on it. Our negro cook (who believed, since she belonged to the Zion Holiness Church and sang, “I can’t tell no lies; I can’t do no sin,” on each succeeding Sunday morning, that she was immune from evil and falsification) added to my education by explaining the methods of conjure used by old Aunt Sally Edwards, who supposedly sprinkled a deadly poison on her walk. Needless to say I refused to go up the front walk when I went to buy milk. Poor child; my use of the back door was quite unnecessary. The cleanly soul used lime to prevent fever. Yet I prepared for death upon going to bed each night after my trip to Aunt Sal’s house and always threw the roses she gave me into a deep ditch just out of sight of her house. My mother wondered why I stopped drinking milk for a period of some two weeks.

Even today I am addicted to wishing on gray mares and eyelashes, as well as “knocking on wood.” I never think Friday, the thirteenth,

lucky—especially if a test is assigned for that date. And I absolutely refuse to walk under a ladder on which a man with St. Vitus Dance is wielding a paint brush. I have never acquired a taste for even red paint when it happens to be down my back.

CAROL LINDSAY.

Complacence

Since I was not a genius born,
I'll just remain a fool.
For what could be worse
Than for the genius part of one
Almost to reach greatness
Only to be frustrated
By that part which is the fool?

FRANCES GAUT.

On Falling Down

SLENDER ANKLES, though much desired, are not to be had for the asking. I inherited mine, and they have contributed towards my downfall. My childish habit of suddenly falling down while traversing level surfaces was not regarded as serious until I also acquired the habit of tumbling down the stairsteps. After one nearly fatal disaster, the scars of which I shall always bear, I was taken to see the doctor. Desperately in earnest, I asked him if I must confine my feet to high-laced boots for the rest of my life. His eyes twinkled as he advised me to see an eye specialist. Receiving no aid from the optometrist, I resorted to descending the stairways via banisters. This mode of descent proved successful until the local shepherd of his flock appeared one day as I was sliding gaily down the railing. The next Sunday he preached a sermon on back-sliders.

My debut into Dry Pond society was equally damning. I was fifteen and had just bobbed my long pig-tails, thereby creating a sensation, for did not the Good Book say that women should wear their hair long? The gay young men of the community, nevertheless, inserted new strings in their banjos and called at the farmhouse

to see for themselves what the "city gal" looked like. Those with whom I had previous acquaintance remembered me as a twelve-year-old child, round as a butterball and abnormally fond of red-striped sticks of peppermint candy. I dressed myself in my yellow party frock, picked up the lamp, and prepared to make my bow. One black satin heel caught on a step and a moment later I landed unceremoniously in front of the parlor door, accompanied by the clatter of the broken lamp. I reeked of kerosene.

When I grew older, I put away childish things and assumed a dignified gait. No longer would I prostrate myself on the steps of various public buildings, no longer would I decorate my arms and knees with designs cut with gravel. At last I had acquired a sense of equilibrium. How proud I was that I could walk upright and need no longer grovel in the dust. "Pride," they say, "goeth before a fall." Again I heeded the call of gravitation. Only yesterday I fell down the steps outside the postoffice.

EDITH HARBOUR.

Aphorisms

Some girls are like shop-windows—fascinating at night, but cheap looking in the daytime.

Poetry is made of fragrant rose-leaf thoughts wafted from the mind by winds of the soul.

Love is like fame—we all desire it, but dread the aftermath of disillusion.

FRANCES GAUT.

Page Noah!

I CAN'T understand why I do it. There is none of the Spartan in me. I don't in the least enjoy discomfort. I am not over fond of swimming, and I'm not a good enough Baptist to enjoy water just for the wetness of it. But, oh, how I love to go up town on a rainy afternoon!

It seems that I always pick a rainy afternoon to go to the show. However it may be, walking to town on a rainy day is a fine art. One

can get innumerable sensations out of it simultaneously, as I always do. One of my boots is too big. It rubs a blister on my heel. My glasses get rain spotted until I am half blind. (Arise some Edison and invent individual windshield wipers for eye glasses! Great would be your name throughout the land!) The rain drops pattering on my old felt hat sound like dancing fairy feet. The wind pushes me along; the water runs off my slicker in little rills and pours into my boots. Squash—splash—plop. My feet get wetter at every step, but why should anyone mind that? My friend grumbles, "I'll never come on one of these fool trips with you again. And we certainly are coming back on the street car." That suits me. I know what street cars are like on rainy evenings.

The wetter the afternoon, the better the moving picture. The facts that my feet are wet, my heel blistered, and my companion grumpy, never distract from the show. I sit in the darkness and listen blissfully to the rain on the roof while I watch Richard Dix fight and gamble, preach and make love, chase Indians, or gangsters, or policemen, as the case may be.

But the greatest fun comes after the show. On the rainy day one can negotiate at the ten-cent store without pushing and jostling. The salesgirls are not rushed; I can take my own sweet time in deciding whether to buy Squibb's, Listerine, or Colgate's.

Finally we get on the college-bound street car. It is crowded and we have to stand. I tuck my packages under one arm and clutch a strap for support. Not even the far famed pitching and rolling of a ship of the desert can equal a careening street car. I rock and stagger against a fat woman loaded with bundles. If looks could kill, my friends would be paying florists' bills. The windows have frosted over and the traffic lights are big red and green blurs of color. Beads of rain stand on all the slickers and every time their wearers move they shower the people near them. The seats are wet, the roof leaks, the floor is wet, everything and everybody in the car is wet. If Herbert Hoover were with us he'd be wet, too. In fact, coming home on the street car is the grand climax of wetness of a rainy afternoon spent in town.

I get back to my room, soaked but happy, and watch the weather forecast for the next rainy day.

ROSALIND TRENT.

On Sealing Letters

CAESAR wrote his communications on strips of green bark torn from trees and bound the pieces together with thongs of goat hide. George Washington probably wrote upon white paper and used sealing wax. From the profound depths of my experience and the accumulated wisdom of my years, I contend that Mother Nature's method of sealing envelopes cannot be improved upon. The quickest and best way to seal envelopes is to lick them.

If I have a batch of envelopes numbering more than five hundred, I press "Granny Grunt" into service. "Granny" is a little marble sealer which groans in most distressing fashion every time the wheel is turned around. This contraption refuses to function unless there is an adequate supply of water in the trough, which necessitates frequent trips to the filling station. Being generous, Granny applies an overdose of liquid to the flap of the envelope. As a result of this generosity envelopes stick to their neighbors, stamps cling to the backs of their predecessors, and the envelopes look as though they had been sprinkled with tears.

I prefer to seal my envelopes, not as the heroines of the movies seal theirs, but in regular cat-like fashion by licking them with my tongue. And when I enter the pearly gates and am appointed Chief-Envelope-Licker in Saint Peter's secretarial staff, I shall personally request that the glue be flavored with wintergreen.

EDITH HARBOUR.

Compensation

The editor mopped her broad white brow,
Then chin on hand did muse.
"Someday," she said, "we'll make a book
Of things we couldn't use."

FRANCES GAUT.



Book Reviews

WOMEN HAVE TOLD. By Amy Wellington. 1930. Price \$2.50. Little, Brown, and Company, Boston.

"Housework has nothing to do with love." Thus the feminist of the eighties echoed Ibsen who had previously declared in broader terms his feeling that "modern society was no *human* society, but merely a *masculine* society."

Feminism is now a tradition. It has fought the good fight that has established woman safely in the home, the community, and in politics, and now it rests on its laurels and watches the result of that fight.

Amy Wellington's book on the subject has two main purposes in its disclosures. Primarily, its function is to trace the growth of the movement in literature, even before it cropped out as a national issue, and show how the range of literature from the time of Mary Wollstonecraft to that of Ellen Glasgow has influenced the present. And its second purpose is to give modern woman a deeper appreciation of her freedom and deeper realization of the toil and suffering of the pioneer feminists who blazed the trail of the broader life that she enjoys today.

The book takes its name from John Stuart Mill's words: "We may safely assert that the knowledge which men can acquire of women as they have been and are, without reference to what they might be, is wretchedly imperfect and superficial, and always will be so until *women themselves have told* all that they have to tell."

The contents of the book are based on the significant contributions made by such writers as Margaret Fuller, Mary Wollstonecraft, Elizabeth B. Browning, the Brontes, George Eliot, George Meredith, Olive Schreiner, Charlotte Gilman, May Sinclair, and Rebecca West, whose works are quoted extensively and whose characters and themes serve to express the feminist idea. These writers, from both sides of the Atlantic, have treated their subjects in various ways—George Eliot courteously, Meredith chivalrously, and Rebecca West mili-

tantly — yet all have a common purpose and goal which they finally gain.

Pictures of these authors, an interesting preface, and select bibliography complete a volume whose make-up is wholly desirable and attractive and whose contents should be read by those interested in a book that has become now a definite part of the "feminist tradition."

ANNIE LEE SINGLETARY.

STRIKE! By Mary Heaton Vorse. Horace Liveright, New York, 1930.

The smug complacency of North Carolina citizens who sensed no hint of disaster in the huge strides the state was making in industry without thought of the welfare of the workers was rocked to its depths by strike disturbances last year. To those persons who may have lost sight of the disasters of Gastonia, and Marion, "Strike!", by Mary Heaton Vorse, comes as a wierd reminder. The book is a dramatic epic of the workers' struggle.

Mrs. Vorse has taken the main events at Gastonia, combined them with certain happenings at Marion, and weaved the facts into a novel. Some of the situations and characters have been intensified, but for the most part there was no need for intensification; the truth in itself was so compelling and dramatic that it furnished enough material for a dozen novels. The author's departures from the facts of the matter are exceptional.

To one who kept up with newspaper accounts of the struggle at Gastonia the main events in "Strike!" have a familiar ring. Many of the characters, too, are recognizable. There is Fer Deane, moving through the pages of the novel, "a charmer, a great performer," with the shadow of death hovering over him, always in the mad hatred of the Mob, whom many will identify with Fred Erwin Beal, communist organizer. Mamie Lewes, the author's name for Ella Mae Wiggins, stands out as she sings her "ballits" and helps to keep up the morale of the striker's until she is shot down while traveling along the public highway in a truck, the victim of the comfortable people of the section. Most of the action in the novel revolves around these two figures, who are Mrs. Vorse's triumphs from the standpoint

of character portrayal, but other well known persons connected with the strike at Gastonia mills and the Aderholt trial are painted in clear colors. The author's description of the presiding judge is especially good. "He had faith with himself, with the justice in his work, and in his God," she says.

Mrs. Vorse writes from first hand knowledge, since she covered the Gastonia case for certain publications. She shows keen insight into the situation in this state and in the South as a whole as regards unionization and the relation of the mill village to the community as a whole. Conditions in this part of the country are by no means identical with those among the textile workers of the North when they were organized, she points out, and makes this interesting statement: "The South is hard to understand. No one understands it, not even the Southerners."

The style of the book is thoroughly journalistic. Short sentences and paragraphs and simple language are used. However, this by no means detracts from the novel, but makes it even more effective. The manner of writing is excellently adapted to the type of material. Although the book as a whole does not present a beautiful and alluring picture of the South (how could it?), there are some passages of extreme beauty. Reading "Strike!" is not a pleasant experience; but it is a stimulating one. The reader whose blood does not boil at the description of the Mob on the trail of strikers and organizers has no sense of fairness or justice. "Strike!" is a book which should be read by and placed in the home of every Southerner.

MATTIE MOORE TAYLOR.

A WRITER'S NOTES ON HIS TRADE. By C. E. Montague. 1930. Doubleday, Doran and Co., Inc., Garden City, New York.

This little volume, as the title suggests, is a collection of essays on the art of writing. In the first essay entitled *Words, Words, Words*, the author remarks upon the tendency of youth to fall in love with words, mulling over them until they become beloved objects of the mind. In speaking of the young as "unwedded wooers of words," he treads upon the literary toes of many potential — and youthful —

writers to whom the right word is often as elusive as the unwedded wooer's object of desire.

Concomitant with the fascination of words is the indispensability. The author speaks eloquently and aptly of their importance. "All things in literature are born of them; into them all things will die, but the words themselves will remain, like the gases and salts into which we go back at our deaths; and each word is like some small parcel of earth that was once Caesar's brain and may yet make the brain of the next Christ that comes."

There are three ways of saying things, according to this delightful English essayist. "You may state them about twice as big as they are, or about half as big as they are, or, if you have skill enough, you may state them just as big as they are." The most widely used method is the first, which is the *sine qua non* of newspapers. And the second — the understatement of ideas — is exemplified by America's propensity for calling the Atlantic "the herring-pond" and Noah's Flood "the big rain." The third way of saying things — that of stating them just as big as they are — is the most difficult of all. . . . "No man," as Josh Billings would say, "ever increased hiz repitashun by contradikting lies."

Although only a few essays have been commented upon, all of them make delightful reading. The author possesses that spice of originality which serves so well any writer in his trade.

FRANCES GAUT.

ALICE MEYNELL: A Memoir. By Viola Meynell. 1929. Price \$3.75. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York City.

To one who believes firmly in heredity, the family of Mrs. Meynell affords further proof of a disputed theory, and to the skeptic who avers that woman cannot successfully coordinate home and a career this book is a contradiction. Daughter of a famous pianist mother and a father who was the literary friend of Dickens, she married an editor of note and became the mother of sons and daughters who claim distinction in the literary and artistic world. Her sister, in addition, was one of the foremost artists of the day. We are, there-

fore, prepared for the record of a very remarkable lady when we pick up this volume written by Mrs. Meynell's daughter, Viola.

No one is better qualified to give us these intimate glimpses of the "pencilling Mamma" than is her own child, and she does it adequately and enjoyably. She reveals her in all varied phases of an active life as a child, mother, artist, friend, wife and critic, and we gain an introduction to her real self through the letters that she has written to others and through statements made concerning her by others, all of which are quoted liberally for us by her.

But an introduction into the Meynell *menage* is not the book's only charm. It is an introduction to the entire literary England of the day. We see gathered in the Meynell drawing-room such figures as Coventry Patmore, Francis Thompson, Alfred Noyes, W. B. Yeats, Ruskin, George Meredith, Oscar Wilde, and W. E. Henley. We hear all the literary gossip of the day just as the wide-eyed children of the Meynell's listened to it daily in their home in Palace Court. And it is a picture of beautiful home life where the children industriously edit their writings under the table at which a busy mother and father are writing above, where the mother is affectionately called "Johnson" by her family because of her dictionary-like acquaintance with words, and where all the joys and sorrows of an average family are disclosed.

The chief charm of the book lies in the letters written by the children to their mother in which they hail her as "dear Girl" and proceed to say, "I hope you will in time give up your absurd thoughts about litreture. Don't be so estatic and you will be more respected. I did not like your last article, if it can be really called an article." It is such naive bits as these and such delightfully intimate ones that are the book's chief recommendation, but above and beyond all, it gives us the beautiful and great character of Alice Meynell. It gives us beautiful pictures of Italy, and interesting accounts of adventures in America, and it is a true and inspiring study of the "pencilling Mamma."

ANNIE LEE SINGLETARY.

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